



THE LIBERATOR

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD--OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 800.

MEETING AT FITZBURGH.

W. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

REFUGES OF OPPRESSION.

SLAVERY A GOOD THING.

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EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE INDIA HOUSE.
DISGRACEFUL ATTEMPT TO GAG THE
PROPRIETORS.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON.

A special General Court of Proprietors was held Friday, April 3d, at the Company's House, Leadenhall Street, London, to vote thanks to the army of the Sultane for the late brilliant victories obtained over the Sikhs. Sir Henry Willock, K. L. S., occupied the chair. In addition to a full attendance of the Directors, and the usual frequenters of the Quarterly meetings of the Court, there was a large gathering of military and other holders of East India Stock, attracted by the unusual and gratifying character of the proceedings, namely, to return thanks for a series of great victories obtained during the brief space of two months; and the termination of a war with the most powerful state in India, in the same short period.

The Clerk having read the resolutions previously adopted by the Court of Directors:

The CHAIRMAN rose to submit them to the approbation of the assembled Proprietors, and in doing so, reviewed the operations of the army of the Sultane since the great battle of Peroshah. He dwelt largely on the eminent skill of Sir Harry Smith, and the subsequent conduct of the United Army, under Sir Hugh Gough, on the 10th of February, when the strong position of the Sikhs was stormed, and the invaders were either killed upon the field, or driven into the river. He had no doubt that the thanks already voted by the Directors, and by both Houses of Parliament, would be confirmed by all present. (Cheers.)

Major RANDALL spoke in favor of the resolutions, and concluded his speech in the following words: 'I hope, Mr. Chairman, that should any gentleman, in the course of this day's proceedings, show a disposition to object to the resolutions you have submitted to us, he will be missed, nooted, and finally KICKED OUT OF THE COURT.' (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. JOHN SULLIVAN, (late member of the Council at Madras), warmly supported the resolutions. As respected the vote of thanks, he could make no distinction between the Queen's and the Company's regiments. They had alike manifested the most ardent devotion to the cause in which they had been engaged. The Hindoo, the European, and the Musselman, had in these encounters fought shoulder to shoulder as comrades in the battle, and they were therefore alike entitled, without distinction, to the unsolicited thanks of them with whom they had served at the hazard of their lives. (Cheers.) It could not, he thought, be denied that there were hundreds of native officers fully entitled in every respect, to be placed upon a footing of equality with Europeans, and he thought the present would be a suitable time to make the claims of these brave men into consideration, and to reward them with something beyond a mere vote of thanks. A more liberal course of conduct would have the very best effect upon the native army, and would show that we had risen above the narrow and selfish spirit which would monopolize all the higher grades of the military service, for the purpose of bestowing them on persons of European birth. (cries of order, order; and question, question.)

The CHAIRMAN rose and said, that the honorable proprietor was now going into the discussion of a subject that was wholly irrelevant, and he must either return to the question before the Court, or conclude his observations.

Mr. SULLIVAN said that if that was the decision of the chairman, he had no more to say, and he must retire from the Court. (Having said this, Mr. Sullivan took up his hat, and immediately left the Court. His departure created a considerable sensation.)

A scene now commenced, which we have no hope of being able, adequately to describe. We shall do what we can, however, to help the imaginations of our readers. A man who could report a tornado, or the Falls of Niagara, would be the only man competent to report the turbulence, the uproar, and the hurricane that prevailed for three quarters of an hour in the usually still and stagnant Court of the India House. The sensation produced by the sudden exit of Mr. Sullivan having in some degree subsided,

Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON rose and said: Two remarkable occurrences have taken place in this Court to-day, which are well worth looking at; for, taken together, they furnish a true index to the spirit which prevails, and the manner in which certain persons are treated, in this place. A little while ago, an individual rose, and having obtained for himself a silent and respectful hearing, concluded by saying that he trusted that any one who ventured to say a word in opposition to the resolutions brought before the meeting by the Directors, would be missed, nooted, and kicked out of the Court. This cowardly, brutal, and ruffianly language was not only offered to pass unrebuked by the chairman, but was greeted with signs of admiration and applause. Presently, an honorable gentleman rose, who never speaks but he throws a lustre on our proceedings—a man pre-eminent in this Court for his personal eloquence, his high sense of justice, his intimate acquaintance with the merits of every question upon which he delivers his opinion, and, above all, for his warm and disinterested attachment to the cause of the natives of India. He rose, not to obstruct the passage of the resolutions before the Court, for he supported them with earnestness, and bestowed more praise upon the preceding speakers than I have heard of since they were delivered; but, he committed the unpardonable offense of presenting the claims of a certain portion of the Indian Community, to something more than the empty and rapid thanks which it is proposed to bestow upon them. He touched the monopoly of patronage in this Court—the apple of the eye of the Directors—and he was met with a most unbecoming and driven in disgust from our assembly. (Confusion and cries of question.) What do you think to drive me also away, as you have driven away my friend? If you do, you are laboring under a delusion which I shall most effectually dispel. I deeply regret the departure of Mr. Sullivan, though I am by no means surprised at it. He is not as accustomed as I am to receive with honor at Ephraim. I have learnt to distinguish between what you would do, and what you can do and dare do. In assuming his right, you have assumed my right, and the right of every proprietor, whether present or absent. Mr. Sullivan has thought fit to retire, but I shall stand my ground. What I have to say, I will compel you to hear. You will not, at least in my case, turn the proceedings of this Court into a mere mockery. Oh, the weakness of those, who bring their speeches out and dried to this place, and having been allowed to deliver them, and to hand them to the reporters, would then gag those who are not prepared to say 'amen' to their orations, and to bestow upon them their fulsome and hypocritical panegyrics! (Great uproar.) Is it not enough, that, in other respects, you have it all your own way? Are you not content with out-voting us with getting all the patronage, and all the dinners—but you must seek to tame down every member of this body into a spiritless and speechless log? Why present a question at all, if one side only is allowed to be discussed? Who, sir, has made you a ruler and a judge in this matter? Now, sir, I have a few remarks to make upon the subject which has called us together, and I anticipate that these remarks will not be palatable to some who are present; but I warn you and them before-hand, that no interruptions, no arrogant dictation from the chair, no exercise of tyrannical power, will have any effect in the way of silencing me. (Cries of down, down, down, question, question, and indecipherable confusion.) Gentlemen, proceeded Mr. Thompson, you whistle to the winds. You waste both your time and your breath. We are not under martial law here. We are in England's metropolis. Here we have chartered rights, of which your clamor cannot deprive us. Brute force may do on the banks of the Sutlege, but it will not do in an assembly of Britons, in London. I tell you again, I will not be hurt, and before the meeting ends, I will prove what I say. (Immense uproar in the midst of which Mr. Thompson took off his great coat, threw it upon the seat, and said: Now, gentlemen, let us see what will be the issue of this struggle. I am prepared, and dare you to do your worst.)

At this stage of the proceedings, Major RANDALL rose from his seat below Mr. Thompson, and turned

ing round to that gentleman, hissed as loudly as he could in his face.

Mr. THOMPSON, (addressing Major Randall,) I am glad you have at last told us what you are. You have spoken in your own vernacular. Two creatures make that noise, and you are a compound of the two. The hissing you do admirably, but the kicking you leave to others. You are wise—I wish the Directors would kick you out of their Majesties' Court.

Major RANDALL—Don't point your finger at me, sir.

Mr. THOMPSON—Then don't present your bill at me, sir. (Here, hissing, stamping, and cries of 'order' and 'question' prevented us, for some time, from hearing a word that was said.) On the restoration of partial silence—

Mr. THOMPSON said, I am not going to oppose the resolutions. (Hear.) The army it is proposed to thank, is the army of this company, and, as such, has done its duty; and those who employed it do theirs, in returning thanks for the gallantry and devotion which it has displayed. (Hear.) I can admire the courage and the skill which have been exhibited during the battles which have been fought, while I deeply regret that the blood has been shed in a better cause. I am, myself, opposed to all wars. I do not take life, and consider I cannot delegate a right to others which I do not myself possess. With your army, and with your thanks, therefore, I have nothing to do. 'Let the dead bury the dead.' Let those who employ armies thank and reward them. On your own principles, you are justified in what you are doing. As for me, there is no object in my world that I can conceive of, that can justify the wholesale slaughter of human beings. I do not believe in the necessity of these butcheries. Justice, beneficence, and impartiality, are all that, in my opinion, are required to maintain peace between nations. But I will not go into a discussion of the abstract question of the lawfulness of war. I will confine myself to what has been said to-day by those who have preceded me. The chairman and the deputy have been careful to remind us, that the recent war was a defensive war. They have told us of the forbearance of the Governor-General—of the fact, that no conflict took place until a Sikh army had landed on the left bank of the Sutlege, and had assumed a hostile attitude towards us. They have told us, that this bloody contest has been in defence of our own territory wantonly and perfidiously invaded by the Sikhs. Therefore, say they, this is a justifiable war—therefore, our object was a good one—and, therefore, the army is entitled to our thanks—and, therefore, our victory and our congratulations are without a drawback, and without any stain. I will grant that this being the case, our resistance to the Sikhs had no cause of offence—I will try to imagine that they were entirely ignorant of all that has been written during the last four or five years, about the annexation of the Punjab—I will try to conceive it possible that they did not know that the Governor-General was on his way to Ludlow, to dictate terms to the Lahore Durbar, with an army of 30,000 or 40,000 men on his march to help his peaceful and friendly negotiations. I will suppose that the Sikhs were quite unknowing of the fact that the 'pear' was declared to be fully 'ripe,' and only required the gathering; and that they did, all unprovoked, invade our territory, and would have marched to Delhi, and peradventure to Calcutta, had they not been met by our army. I will suppose that the Sikhs had been at peace with us, and that they had welcomed our envoys to their court, and our merchants to their marts and their fairs, that they should have been the wanton and perfidious aggressors, if we had marched an enemy into the Punjab, had occupied the country, had hurled the chosen ruler of the people from his throne, and wasted the territory by a lingering and cruel war, (cries of question, question.) Why, then, is the question raised? The question is, Shall we thank the army of the Sutlege? And if so, on what grounds are we to thank that army? Surely it is relevant to the question to discuss the merits of the war in which that army has been engaged; for therein consists the whole pith and marrow of the question. Otherwise we may as well thank the Sikhs, too, for it is admitted that they showed as much bravery and determination as any of our soldiers. The whole question resolves itself into the purposes and objects of the two conflicting parties. Our object, it is said, was a patriotic and a righteous one; namely, the resistance of an unprovoked aggression. And therefore, the men who have fought these battles are entitled to our thanks. Bearing this in mind, let me carry you back to a period when the members of this Court were called together, to vote thanks to the army that entered Afghanistan for the purpose of deposing Dost Mahomed, and setting up Shah Shujah (confusion.) The Afghans were at peace with us. They had never been guilty of a single unfriendly act. Their ruler was popular, and had cherished every European who had been sent to his Court. He had also repeatedly expressed his earnest desire that there should be the most perfectly amicable relations between himself and the British Government. The India was open to our commerce, and the whole of Afghanistan was offered as a field for our trading enterprise. And yet we employed the cause of an imbecile tyrant, who had been driven from his own country—we raised an army, we descended the Indus from Peshawar—we carried round troops from Bombay—we fought our way through the Bolan Pass—we perpetrated all the horrors of Khatel-Ghizlee—we stormed and took Ghuznee—we drove Dost Mahomed from Cabul—we hurled him like a wild beast into the sea. We placed Shah Shujah upon the throne, and we placed the breasts of our officers with the order of the Dourannee Empire—and we passed a vote of thanks to Lord Auckland for his 'Vigor and Sagacity,' and to the army for their bravery and devotion (great uproar.) Now, sir, if the vote of to-day be deserved upon the grounds set forth from the Chair, the former vote should have been one of censure and condemnation; for a more cruel, more bloody, and more aggressive war has never witnessed (renewed uproar.) Why this bellying and confusion? Have I not a right to compare these two votes, upon the principle this day laid down? If you are doing right to-day, you did wrong before; and yet there was but one man who had the honesty, the courage, and the humanity to condemn the great and bloody war; who, besides costing twenty millions of money, covered the whole region, from Kurrachee to the Hindoo Koosh mountains, with the carcasses of men and beasts, and choked the Khyber Pass with the bodies of the thousands who perished in the ill-fated and horrible retreat from Cabul. The man who had the truth and boldness to hold up his hand against you, was Sir Charles Forster. He was here to-day to remind you of your evil deeds! (Increased uproar.)

Major OLIPHANT (a director) begged to remind Mr. Thompson, that the question of the policy of the war did not properly enter into the discussion. On the occasion referred to, a vote of thanks had been passed to the army, without committing any one to an approval of the policy of the government regarding Afghanistan. Before we set down, we must express his regret at the interruption offered to Mr. Sullivan, and disclaim all participation in that proceeding. (Hear.)

Mr. THOMPSON attempted to proceed; but was prevented by the uproar created by the supporters of the directors and the military gentlemen (Z) present.

Messrs. SALOMONS, LEWIS, and STOKES, rose in succession and entreated Mr. Thompson to waive his right of censure, and to proceed to the business that had taken place, and allow the business to proceed in the usual way.

Mr. THOMPSON said, he was at all times willing to listen to advice, courteously tendered, and especially from the gentlemen who had just spoken; but he thought they would have acted more worthily of themselves, if they had united to resist the tyranny of a majority, who seemed determined to suppress by clamor and violence, the utterance of all opinions, save such as were in unison with their own. On the present occasion he could not give way. He was resolved to stand there till his right was fully recognized, and until he had secured a full and quiet hearing.

The CHAIRMAN, (much excited.) Then, I shall attempt to put the question. (Cheers and cries of 'put the question!')

Mr. THOMPSON—Sir, you are about to cap the climax of your folly and injustice, by attempting an illegal act. You cannot put the question. You are there to preserve order during the full and free discussion of the question. What we are here for, but to debate the question now before us? While one proprietor has anything to say respecting it, you cannot legally take a vote upon it. All that I have said

has been in the way of strictly logical inference, from the premises furnished by the chairman and the deputy chairman; and yet you would crush the utterance of my sentiments by putting the question to the vote. I am in possession of the floor, and I claim my right as a proprietor, to be heard; and I demand, I defy you, to put the question. (Great uproar.)

The CHAIRMAN—I shall order the resolutions to be read, and shall put them to the meeting.

The CLERK then came forward with the resolutions, and was about to read them.

Mr. THOMPSON—Once more warn you, that you are about to commit yourself, by doing an illegal act. You had better refrain; for as sure as you put the question, your whole proceedings will be null and void.

The secretary and deputy chairman here consulted together, and afterwards conferred with the chairman, upon which the clerk was ordered back to his seat. This being observed—

A PROPRIETOR rose, and said—I move that the resolution be now put.

Another PROPRIETOR—I second that motion. The CHAIRMAN was about to rise when the CLERK said: Another motion has now been put before the meeting, and before a vote is taken upon it, I shall show cause why the resolution ought not to be put at this stage of our proceedings. (An uproar now ensued, which baffles all description. Mr. Thompson maintained his ground amidst it all, until at length, the motion for the 'question' was withdrawn, and the Chairman, in an altered tone, informed Mr. Thompson that he was at liberty to proceed.)

Mr. THOMPSON—This struggle seems to be now over, and I have therefore little further to say. I have heard at the commencement, I should long since have resigned my place to others. My right, however, was assailed; and my mind was at once made up to resist the unmanly aggression. Let me now counsel those who have created the disgraceful uproar which we have witnessed, never again to try the experiment. In my case, it will always fail. The only fair and manly way of proceeding is, to allow every proprietor the opportunity of expressing his views, as long as he does so in a courteous manner. The time to oppose him is, when he has concluded his speech. I shall never attempt to have my conduct misinterpreted upon, no matter how severely, when I have been permitted to be heard; and I will never take from the chairman the right of suffering a proprietor to proceed, however distasteful his remarks may be to me; but I will resist to the utmost, the intolerance and injustice of one, who would put a padlock upon the mouth of every man who would not join them in their fulsome adulation of the individuals in authority in this house. Looking back upon what I have said, I am deliberately of opinion, that I have not wandered from the question; but if, amidst the multiplied provocations I have received, I have used any language unbecoming a gentleman, I am willing and anxious to express my regret. (Cries of 'I sit down with the hope, that, from this day forward, there will be freedom of speech, and strict impartiality in this court. Then shall I be as ready as any one to bow to the decision of the chair, and as desirous that others should be heard, as I am resolutely determined to vindicate my own rights. (Cheers.)

After some observations in support of the resolution, from Sir J. L. Lushington, the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, Major General Briggs, Mr. Clark, and Sergeant Stokes, the question was put, and carried amidst loud cheers. The Court then adjourned.

MEETING AT LOWELL.

The quarterly meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, which was held in Lowell on Thursday and Friday of last week, though not numerously attended, was an uncommonly spirited and effective one. We have not any room for particulars, and can only give the resolutions that were discussed by Parker Pillsbury, L. C. Remond, W. L. Garrison, Thomas T. Stone, Corning Wood, Jonathan Walker, and Messrs. Clark, Young, Parkman, Sevey, Brown and Levy. The resolutions relating to the mechanics and workmen of the North led to a very spirited and profitable debate; and we only regret that a far greater number were not present to listen to it.

1. Resolved, That for the American people to declare to the world, that they 'hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,'—and at the same time to traffic in 'slaves and the souls of men,' and to keep in chains three millions of their own countrymen,—indicates a degree of effrontery and an amount of depravity, unsurpassed in the history of any nation, and demonstrates to the universe that their republicanism is a sham, and their religion an imposture; nor can any of their number claim to be guiltless in this matter, except from the heart they so abhor slavery as to hold no slaves, to give slaveholders no countenance, to make no apologies for the terrible system, and to labor for the immediate emancipation of the oppressed,—be the difficulties, perils or sacrifices, consequent on such action, what they may.

2. Resolved, That it is a greater solecism to talk of an innocent slaveholder, than it is to talk of a sober drunkard, an honest thief, or a benevolent pirate.

3. Resolved, That the late refusal of the Legislature of Massachusetts to adopt any resolutions in opposition to the Slave Power,—a Power which holds absolute dominion over the country, rules with a rod of iron, moulds at its will the Constitution of the country, crushes and enslaves three millions of the people, claims and exercises the right to seize, imprison and enslave citizens of the North, strikes down the freedom of speech and the right of petition, and involves the entire nation in its pollution and bloodguiltiness,—should be regarded with universal indignation and alarm, as a servile submission to that Power, and a base betrayal of the cause of liberty.

4. Resolved, That the names of those Senators and Representatives, who voted against any action on the subject, should be held up to popular rebuke and indignation.

5. Resolved, That the manner in which the people of the North are involved in the guilt of slavery is—1. In entering into a professedly republican union with the greatest of tyrants. 2. In admitting a slave representation in Congress. 3. In agreeing to set the part of bloodhounds, in running down and recapturing the fugitives from the southern prison-house of bondage. 4. In honoring and elevating to offices of power and emolument, slaveholders and slave-traders. 5. In recognizing as the ministers and disciples of Christ, those who hold, buy and sell their fellow-creatures, who strike down the marriage institution, and whose hands are red with innocent blood.

6. In pledging their naval and military strength, to put down servile insurrection, and protect the slaveholders in the exercise of their merciless tyranny. 7. In violently resisting the anti-slavery movement as incendiary and treasonable, covering the uncompromising friends of liberty with popular odium, and refusing to lift up their voices in behalf of the suffering and the dumb. 8. In despising, plundering, trampling upon the free colored people as an inferior, nay, an accursed race,—thus strengthening the hands and putting arguments into the mouths of the southern oppressors, to enable them to perpetuate the thraldom of their victims.

6. Resolved, That it is to the laboring classes of the North—the workingmen and the mechanics—the anti-slavery cause has a right to look for its most zealous and determined supporters; because they are themselves the victims of oppression, and are therefore specially called upon to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them;' because it is impossible for them to obtain their just rights, so long as the vast body of southern laborers are held and driven as beasts of burden; because there must be chains for all, or liberty for all; because he who consents to the enslavement of one human being, is a tyrant at heart, and the enemy of the laboring classes throughout the world; because the groaning millions in Great Britain and Europe, and their champions, do unitedly testify, that the existence of American slavery rivets the chains upon their limbs, and renders their emancipation impracticable, by making re-

publicanism a by-word and a hissing among the despots and Tories of the old world; and because the spirit that can fearlessly grapple with the Slave Power for its immediate and utter overthrow, is a spirit that will assuredly overturn all inferior forms of oppression.

7. Resolved, That to represent the oppression of the white laborers of the North as being worse than that of the slaves of the South, or equal to it, is to outrage common sense, to deal in gross misrepresentation, and to make a part greater than the whole; and indicates either profound ignorance or extraordinary effrontery.

8. Resolved, That there is no parallel to American Slavery in the condition of any other people on the face of the globe; and far better is it to be homeless and penniless with freedom, than to be 'fat and sleek' as the slave of the most indulgent master at the South.

9. Resolved, That as the workingmen of the North have long been united with the monopolists and aristocrats to keep in chains and slavery the laborers of the South, and to persecute and proscribe the free people of color, they have a mighty work of repentance to perform, and a large recompense to make to those whom they have so brutally treated; and it is not for them to declaim against aristocracy and the proud spirit of caste, until they first remove their feet from the neck of the scarred and bleeding slave.

10. Resolved, That those professed abolitionists who are connected with a pro-slavery Church, which claims to be a Church of Christ, and who maintain that it is their duty to remain in the Church for the purpose of reforming it, are virtually renouncing their anti-slavery principles, and affirming by their position that pro-slavery and Christianity are compatible with each other.

11. Resolved, That the American Church still continues to be the great bulwark of American Slavery, and therefore should be vigorously assailed by all who mean to be faithful to God, and true to the interests of man.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

It is equally encouraging and gratifying to us to know that the Liberator is regarded with unalloyed interest, and read with increasing pleasure, from week to week, by its patrons. It is very seldom that we publish any of their letters of approval; but we venture to give an extract or two, from some we have recently received.

The following is from a subscriber in Columbiana, Ohio, and a member of the Executive Committee of the Ohio American A. S. Society:

'I am much lost for the want of the Liberator, and am determined to renew it as soon as circumstances will justify. I hope at farthest by the time of our annual meeting, which will be about the 17th of June—at which time I hope to see our much-beloved friend Garrison, together with Pillsbury, Phillips and others, at least some of them. It is now a crisis with us. All is stirred within our borders. The church is all in confusion—the priesthood badly engaged in endeavoring to heal the breaches, crying out 'Infidelity,' 'Anarchy,' &c. The political parties are in as deplorable a condition as the churches. All this, may I not say, through the instrumentality of S. S. and A. K. Foster. I attended their last meeting to be held in this State, last first and second day. They left the State next day, and left it, too, with thousands to regret their departure. At the close of the meeting, they declared that Ohio, particularly the Western Reserve, was the best field of labor they ever travelled through, and they should be not the least surprised if Ohio should be the second, if not the first to come out of this bloody Union. Is this not encouraging, when we look back two years ago at the time of our anniversary? I could not find a half dozen who stood side by side with the American Society. Those I considered the best and most true were ready to dissolve their connexion with the Parent Society, in consequence of their disunion position—which I then believed, and am now confirmed, is the only true ground. No action ever yet taken by that Society, has had the effect to drive forward the cause of Emancipation with such rapidity, cutting loose from and leaving entirely behind both priest and politician. I was not at the last meeting of the Executive Committee of our State Society, but am informed that some of our Eastern friends were invited to be with us. Let me impress it upon friend Garrison to be here. He can do more good by attending one convention in this State at this time, I believe, than half a dozen in New-England. The public ear is ready to hear, and when convinced of their duty, many, very many are ready to act. We have a few who are ready to go into the field as lecturing agents, but they are inexperienced, and to a considerable extent uninformed; hence, you will see the necessity of some lecturing who have fought many a victorious battle, and are acquainted with the maneuvering of the enemy. Therefore, 'Let Garrison and Pillsbury come!' is the universal cry of our anti-slavery host in Ohio.

We are sorry to be necessitated to inform our Ohio friends, that a due regard to our health (to say nothing of many other hindrances) will prevent us from visiting them this summer, as we had fondly hoped to be able to do; and our regret is deepened by the fact, that it is not at all probable that Mr. Pillsbury will be able to be with them. But let them not be discouraged. The smiles of Heaven are theirs, and the noblest cause in the world. They shall receive assistance from the East at an early period as practicable.

The following is from a subscriber in Peoria, Illinois:

'The weekly visits of the Liberator are looked forward to with bright anticipations that are seldom disappointed. We generally find a rich treat, and much to cheer us on in our struggle with darkness. Its freedom pleases us, and I hope its editor may live long to maintain it. The confidence manifested in the power of truth has done us much good.

It may not be an uninteresting fact to you to know, that the stray copy that James Haughton, of Dublin, ordered to be sent to Wm. T. Allan, (then of this place,) is the cause of the little list of subscribers (here named) being sent to you. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the Liberator by means of that copy, and since Mr. Allan left, I have taken it on my own account, and should now continue to take it were its price doubled.'

We have no doubt it will be very gratifying to our friend James Haughton to hear so good an account of the copy of the Liberator, which he generously ordered to be sent to that noble man, W. T. Allan. A worthy friend at South Scituate, in this State, writes us as follows:

'I do not like to be disappointed in not getting the Liberator. Although the evidence of the great profligacy and corruption of the people of the times which we have by the facts published therein, is sometimes painfully exciting, yet so far am I from wishing such things to be hidden, and to be done as it were in secret, that I cannot but wish that those startling exposures could be proclaimed as it were on the 'house-tops,' and be scattered broadcast through the land. My private opinion is, and has been for some time, that one of the most efficacious agencies for the promotion of anti-slavery light and truth would be for the State Society to assume the expense of distributing a large number of copies of the Liberator gratuitously through the State at least, instead of hiding our 'talent in a napkin,' and keeping the treasure of light and truth would reveal if it were extensively read to ourselves, who know enough at least about these things to pity and lament the gross ignorance and wickedness which so generally prevail with respect to human rights.'

We hope no subscriber will omit to give the paper a thorough perusal, from week to week. To take it

up, and merely to glance at it, is not the way to derive profit from it, or to discover its true value.

A very active female friend of the anti-slavery cause in Worcester county sends us a number of new subscribers, obtained by her diligence and perseverance, (for which all thanks,) and adds—

'I would gladly express my gratitude to you, for the high degree of happiness I experience in the perusal of your precious Liberator. It is not in my power to express all I feel on this subject. I can only say that I value it above all price. I regard it as a special blessing; and nothing but absolute compulsion will ever induce me to part with it. Where can one find a more luxurious feast, than at the table of the Liberator? My insatiable appetite is never gratified, until I have tasted of and finally devoured the entire contents of every dish, (except that of 'bloody and oppressive South,' which is never palatable food for me), served up on this bountiful table. Would to Heaven that every human being could enjoy this feast as I do. This has ever been my desire; and as far as it is in my power, I have endeavored to accomplish it. Four families have the reading of our copy, regularly, none of whom are quite willing to subscribe for it yet. Three of these are professional men.'

In a subsequent letter, she says—I do not know but you may object to receiving subscriptions for less than one year. Not at all. We are very glad to receive them for six months, but not for a less period. She further says—

'I have just recovered from a severe attack of influenza and pleurisy, and was enabled this morning, for the first time, to take my accustomed walk. Could I wield a pen as poetically as dear Mrs. Child, I think I could give you a very interesting description of my walk, (which was one of several miles over some of the most romantic and delightful spots imaginable. I heartily wish you and every other prisoner, within the walls of the city, could have witnessed the beautiful and enchanting scene presented to our view. The air was richly laden with the fragrance of the violet and arbutus; the little birds were warbling their sweetest lays; the bees were very busy in drawing the sweets from the magnificent beds of the arbutus. Indeed, every thing animate seemed to be in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

I beg your acceptance of a part of the fruits (or rather flowers) of my ramble. We had not much variety, but I presume a shrub of any kind will be acceptable to those who are shut out from the beautiful country scenery. I regret I have nothing prettier to offer for a bouquet I will endeavor to make amends for this when flowers are more plenty.'

Nothing could be more beautiful or refreshing, at this season of the year, than the sight and smell of the flowers (a bountiful supply) thus kindly forwarded to us by the friend who has so keen a relish for the charms of Nature, and who has all the needful ability to describe those charms in a graphic manner.

THE UNIVERSALIST PROTEST.

The Protest against American Slavery, signed by Three Hundred and Four Universalist Clergymen, which was published in the Liberator of the 24th ult. is receiving very general commendation from the anti-slavery press of the land, as an excellent and unexceptionable document. How many of those, whose names are appended to it, are in earnest in this matter, and henceforth mean to be found in uncompromising hostility to the slave system, and to give no religious countenance to its supporters and apologists, is best known to the 'Searcher of hearts.' We fear that, as in the case of the Unitarian Protest, (which was a forcible and solemn document,) the number is small; but we desire to do all men justice, and 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' As hypocrisy is a most detestable sin, it ought never to be ascribed to any man, or body of men, except it be clear and palpable. We rejoice at the appearance of these Protests, as cheering 'signs of the times,' and as significant of a mighty and steadily increasing change in public sentiment, which it is to be hoped will, when fully consummated, lead to the peaceful emancipation of our oppressed countrymen. Probably, five years ago, very few of their signers would have been willing to commit themselves thus publicly on this subject. Five years hence, probably the clergy of all denominations, 'north of Mason and Dixon's line,' will be found, as a body, as strongly and formally pledged to seek the overthrow of slavery. They certainly will, if the little band of abolitionists, who have hitherto kept their posts unflinchingly, and been willing in a signal manner to make themselves of no reputation, remain faithful to the end.

The editor of the Gospel (Universalist) Banner, W. A. Drew, publishes with apparent satisfaction the names of those Universalist clergymen, who declined signing the Protest, 'some for one reason, some for another.' The whole number is 366—being at least 60 more than those who were in favor of it. So that as late as 'the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six,'—and notwithstanding all the light that has been thrown on the character and tendencies of the slave system,—there are more Universalist clergymen in the United States opposed to the anti-slavery cause, than there are in favor of it! Hence, it may still be safely affirmed of them, as a body, that they are 'a brotherhood of thieves.' For we feel no hesitancy in saying, that the men who are not ready to subscribe to the just and noble sentiments contained in the Protest, are already prepared to become slaveholders and slave-speculators as soon as they shall remove to the South.

Mr. Drew says he did not sign the Protest, and adds—'Of course, this is not because we are not opposed to slavery, as much as any man in the United States.' A very queer way of showing one's opposition to that nefarious system—of course! Now, the inference that we draw from his refusal to sign—and the one that will be drawn by every slave-driver in the land—is, that his opposition to slavery is entirely heartless; that its existence gives him no uneasiness, and excites within him not a throb of moral indignation; that his professions to universal love are verily a sham—of course. We judge, too, from his course, for many years past, as the editor of a professedly Christian journal, and as a professed minister of Christ. We have been an attentive reader of his Banner, and have yet to see the first article from his pen that shows he really abhors slavery, and desires its immediate overthrow, though he knows it pollutes and degrades all the land, is the gigantic foe of Christianity, and strikes a blow at the liberties of mankind. In apology for his refusal to sign the Protest, he says—'When we are not clear as to a matter of duty, we think it wisdom to forbear action. We had doubts whether the Protest would do more to liberate slaves, or to divide the denomination, whose peace we feel bound to consult.' This tells the whole story, in a few words. The unity of his denomination is a great deal more important in his estimation than the unity of the human race—the liberation of any conceivable number of human beings from the galling chains of bondage. He sees millions already thus enthralled, but in their case he 'thinks it wisdom [what then is folly?] to forbear action.' He sees them deprived of the gospel, of the Bible, of the marriage institution; but he 'thinks it wisdom to FORBEAR ACTION!' He sees them bought and sold in the market with cattle and swine, to the utter annihilation of all their rights; to the undoing of the nearest and dearest ties of life; but he 'thinks it wisdom to FORBEAR ACTION!' He not only refrains from acting, but even from raising his voice against this colossal iniquity. What more does the slave system need for its safety and perpetuity?

But Mr. Drew feels 'bound to consult the peace of the denomination.' Surely, that must be a very corrupt body, whose peace can be disturbed by a calm and christian appeal in behalf of the oppressed. It is not possible for the wit or the malice of man to bring

a severer charge against it. For it, there can be no peace. Its quietude is moral stagnation. It is a name to live, but it is dead. 'First among the peaceable,' is the condition imposed by reason on true religion. This is the accurate and exact term. Its own denominational preservation is paramount to the triumph of justice, and the welfare of man.

But Mr. Drew is 'as much opposed to slavery as any man in the United States.' This is a statement almost continually made by those who are opposed to any agitation of the subject of slavery. We are told that his acts speak louder than words. That he has a 'burn' to the end of it, indicative of a true man. It is incomparably more to be despised, than the boldest avowal of a McDuffie or a Heman! favor of man-stealing. What would Mr. Drew do if that Universalist editor, who should declare that he was as much opposed to Calvinism as any man in the United States, and yet should refuse to testify against it? 'Circumstances alter cases—of course.'

Whether Mr. Drew is really on the side of liberty or slavery—whether he goes with the North or the South in this conflict—whether if he were sent to a slave State, he would plead for those who were pleaded for themselves, or be one of the oppressors easily determined, we think, by an appeal to facts. Of all the Universalist clergymen in the slave States, only one was found, (LEVI CHARLES HARRIS, of Booneville, Missouri,) willing to sign the Protest. A veritable Abdiel, for this act, he will undoubtedly subject himself to slaveholding malice, and probably to Lynch law. Upwards of forty refused to sign anything to do with it. 'Of course,' they say, 'spirit and conduct just what the South would wish them to be. How many of them are slaveholders depends solely on their pecuniary ability to purchase slaves.'

We shall publish the names of those who do sign the Protest, as given in the Banner, in a future number. Some of them, we are quite sure, have intentionally withheld their names, and will yet testify. For example—there is our devoted and very and terebral friend, Erwin Thomas of the pole. He has for many years signalled himself by his zeal in our cause. We hope to hear from him respecting the absence of his name from the Protest. We think that all those who were willing to append their names to the Protest, but from some cause did not do so, are bound to clear themselves from the stain that most otherwise rest upon them, in a public manner.

LETTER FROM CHARLES C. BURLEIGH.

SPRINGFIELD, 4th Mo. 25th, 1846.

FRIEND MOODY: In compliance with your request, I will give you a sketch of my movements since I came into the State. I have little or nothing to tell, save that the time has been

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH.

They mistake the scope of the anti-slavery reform, who think that its great principles are to be qualified, and to be measured by the morality and the respectability of the American Church. The hopeful prospect, which this divinely instituted movement holds out, of giving liberty to the lowly and the oppressed, is a first place among the benevolent enterprises of the age; but the emancipation of mind and heart of the slave, and will yet effect, by introducing the life of practical goodness to supplant the false and doctrinal opinion, and the operations of dead and equal to supplant the pretensions of a spurious democracy, have made it the central movement, the very nucleus of the Christian and Christianity of our time.

May, to whom the one idea of anti-slavery was so very pregnant, any who with much apparent ardor, and with much of the first, are not at all conversant with the doctrine of the cause, and with the present phases of the cause, with the new issues it has made, and the ulterior tendencies into which it seems to be hurrying. They were not sufficiently baptized into its fearless, uncompromising, and efficient participation in the growth of its faith, to see that these tendencies are of perilous individuals, but result from the radical, the divine voice that first inspired it. If the church has proved threatening to other institutions, it is because other institutions have put themselves in the way of its progress, because the church has been the cause of doing violence, to subvert their own schemes of doing violence, to go no further than the quiet of their darling in its operation to respect that they have invested in it, and the praise and honor they have invested in it, having found its perfectly uncontrolled, headlong, and, have, one after the other, quietly dismounted, for they were riding on it fast to the devil, and became quite voracious in their cries of "Stop it!"

So potent in the estimation of many are the influences embodied in the present religious organizations, that they have no expectation of seeing the emancipation of the slave effected, until the church shall be fit to call for it, and require it. Every thing that looks like progress to this state of things in the action of the churches, is hailed with loud acclamations, as the most hopeful of all omens. If a conference, an association, a general assembly, met in ecclesiastical regulation, can by any appliances be driven to give God enterprise of undoing the heavy burdens and letting the oppressed go free, a complimentary resolution or two; above all, if some Doctor of Divinity, the authority of a very Rabbi in all the churches, can be induced to give the rag-a-muffin cause of abolition a letter of recommendation, all our hoodwinked, over-enthusiastic exclaim, as though some mighty military agency had been set to work, and the walls of Jericho were to fall forthwith. These hoodwinked, over-enthusiastic persons can think of no reform but by the present instrumentalities and machinery; can pay for no other millennium than the triumph and universality of their sect; can tolerate no extra church being good and doing good. Every thing that comes out under the tutelage and shadow of their present ideas is heretical and infidel. Out of Galilee arises for them no prophet. Whatever appears not in deference to the ecclesiastical powers that be, appears for no good purpose. Better slavery and all abominations continue perpetual, than the quiet and severity of the churches be disturbed by untoward agitation. Better a million be tied upon the best hopes of human salvation, and all be cast into the sea, than one of their little ones be offended. For persons sticking in these apprehensions, the whole program of the future work of emancipation is comprised in cautious, reverential solicitations to the principles and powers of the sect, to recognize the claims of God's suffering poor, and bring their ecclesiastical thunders to play upon the oppressor. The favorite engines of their projected campaign are, penitence, Northern Doctor of Divinity pitted against Southern Doctor of Divinity, upon some Old Testament, bawling their smooth, learned heads blindly at each other with utmost ecclesiastical etiquette, in the face of a whole people, whose eyes, however, actually stick out with admiration at so much wisdom and good feeling; the result of which campaign is generally such, as when our great and little introduce the dramatic Melodramas in their own churches, or whenever persons of weak wit attempt to tamper with evil, to wit—to all impartial on-lookers—the devil is sure to have the best of the argument.

But brethren are several considerations not unworthy the consideration of our conservative allies, and our unconservative and unconsentaneous opponents. What is the church? What is your church, my reverend friends? A mere aristocracy of morality, a rebuke of the respectability of its time? Is it a society, like the Cincinnati, existing only to perpetuate the memory of historical goodness and truth, or is it a society of the elite of humanity, upon whom the imputation of all righteousness and salvation have been heaped? Something more, let us hope, than all these. The church is the city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. It is the world's east, where the light of heaven first shines, and whence it rolls on to the dim west. It is the point of communication between God and man; and the economy of its divine order is the plainest prophecy of the world's future. It is the impregnation of what of goodness and truth happens in any age to be in the world. It is a power, which makes no alliances with sin, but exists only in hostility and defiance to it. It is the home and fortress of the reformer, whence he goes out to battle the concrete evils of the world, and whither he returns to be cheered, greeted and honored, and not to be jeered, hated and excommunicated. It is that which suggests, originates and inspires reform, and not that, to which all reform must go, merely for its diploma and consecration, to be unadorned and infidel without such. If the church is not all this, it is something for which neither God nor man has any particular use in this world. If the church is not all this, it is something, with which neither God nor man has any particular use in this world. If the church is not all this, it is something, with which neither God nor man has any particular use in this world. If the church is not all this, it is something, with which neither God nor man has any particular use in this world.

Coexisting with American Slavery, so utterly opposite to that brotherly love which the Scriptures make the all of religion, was it not the very business and function of the church to see the evil of slavery, and to denounce it as hostile and destructive to its own life? The wise shall understand. It is the very capacity and nature of goodness to discover evil, and to shun it. Not more sure is the natural instinct of man to know and resist the reptile that preys upon his young, than is the spiritual instinct of good men to recognize and loathe the evil institutions, that creep up around them. As the nominal church, in a sense where its influence was most needed, failed to put forth any such living functions, or to exhibit any such spiritual instincts, many minds had come to feel, whether it would not be more heretical and dangerous to disbelieve the universality of those spiritual instincts and antipathies, than to question the goodness of such a church, and pressing through the exterior sanctities, to look at all plainness, if there were not some solemn hoax. Since the church has not only in the current language of its confessions, "committed to do what was required, but has done the thing it ought not;" since, after these ten years of its life, it has not only not recognized and repented of its sin, but has doubled, but has for the most part emulated, sanctioned and vindicated it, and opposed and persecuted those whom God had raised up to overthrow it, the question has become less doubtful; that all clear-eyed persons must see, as the result

of this trial and judgment, upon the old test—Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me—the rejection of the church, and the taking of the kingdom from it.

They are not doing an infidel work, who are giving utterance to such doubts, or plainly expressing their disbelief in the pretensions of a false church. They are not pushing the anti-slavery reform to irrelevant or dangerous issues. They are but following its fearless spirit, whether the divine energy is urging it. Anti-slavery has been the grand counterfeit detector of the spurious character of American Christianity. The manner in which the church has treated the claims of God's poor, has shown the degree and kind of its charity. Its rejection of those claims, though not its sole sin, has been its crowning sin, that upon which judgment has hinged, that which has shown its nakedness, and how far its doctrine and its life must have been before corrupted, to make it capable of sinning thus. The wholesome agitation of this subject of slavery has emancipated many souls, and procured for us the most of the genuine religious liberty and progress we have, while the sects have everywhere found it an uncontrollable epidemic, dangerous to the health and life of their organizations, and seen themselves broken and scattered before it. A counterfeit religion might have yet circulated a generation or two, undetected, had not this troublesome subject of slavery occurred. Ah, troublesome surly, my clerical friends, and members in regular standing—troublesome as was the presence of that old Hebrew prophet among the organic sins of Ahab's realm; a trouble of which there is little likelihood of your ailing religious bodies will ever get cured—they will die of it!

It is not to be wondered at that some men, very earnestly determined to have the reign of righteousness and justice reign here on earth before long, have come to the conclusion not to sue any longer at the doors of the several churches, to get them interested in such an enterprise. They have accordingly little cared what cool compliments, or what cautious rebukes, the Rabbies and Doctors of Divinity have bestowed upon their efforts. What can learned Doctor Wayland, learned Doctor Beecher, or any other of that grade, say very effectually against the truth? If they work not with the operations of God, and the tendencies of the age, they can put forth nothing but imbecility. Many may open great eyes at their wisdom, and hawk about in all the newspapers their learned evasions of some blunt precept or impracticable principle, with vast congratulations and applause over such comfortable conclusions; but to all true eyes, they will only stand like men of straw, mechanically beating the air, uttering nothing worth the hearing. If I speak a word in accordance with truth and God's best, it will outweigh all the influence and dignity of falsehood and apology for sin. There is an intrinsic weakness and sophistry about all the moral philosophy of evil, which is never safe to put upon paper, for fear that the coming generations, which we always expect to be wiser than ourselves, will laugh at and denounce it. He who dabbles in it, or attempts to limit the pathway of human responsibility through it, but involves himself in all manner of obfuscation and confusion. No one need ever work or think in that department, with any idea of rising into eloquence, poetry, or any durable reputation. Craft, ingenuity, and low faculty, to the utmost extent of these talents, may be put forth therein; but genius, eloquence and power are only predicable of great principles and whole truths, and not of lame mutilations of principles, and truths tied up and handcuffed. Evil men and evil institutions may cling to the cobwebs of such sophistries, with much temporary satisfaction; but there is no permanency, no divine solidity about them. They shall not be able to save evil from its doom, but will only involve their authors in it.

That the American Church, as a whole, vindicates and apologizes for slavery, settles no question what ever about the rightfulness of slavery, but gives a very plain prophecy that when slavery falls, something else will fall with it. Ah, my clerical friends, and members in regular standing—do you find yourselves there, apologizing for, writing books, and creeds, and moral philosophies, to accommodate this devil's own institution? Then, when along with all the other works of the devil, this shall be overthrown, and the responsibility of all the other ruin, which shall precede or succeed, rest upon your heads!

There is nothing on this earth sacred enough to things new, and his present appropriate work in this land, the overthrow of slavery, and say, "That be from thee, Lord, that shall not be unto thee," without hearing the rebuke already audible enough, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" It was most rash and presumptuous for the church, already suspected of being a deception, thus to seize the divine hand, busy in its work of world-regeneration. Let those, who have wantonly thrust the American Church into such a position, under the very blows of the Almighty, put forth to smite down human sin, not be greatly amazed, if they and it are crushed and demolished together.

Ought it not to fall, the Church which has perverted its work, and misunderstood its aim and purpose? It was set for a light; but has gone out in darkness, or become an ignis fatuus of error. It was intended to be the leader, the advanced guard in the crusade against evil institutions; but now it can scarce be dragged after in the ranks. Only a corpse has to be dragged; a live man will walk and will lead. Fable or history tells us, that the old Spanish Cid was carried upon horseback into his last battle, after he was dead; and fact or poetry asserts that the grim terror of his dead presence, and the sun's flash upon his motionless sword, made the warrior's foes an easy prey for the spears of his followers. If the Church has been engaged in any of the late conflicts with the organized power of evil, and has been carried thither dead, like the old Cid's corpse; if it has gained victories, it has been by the terror of its name, rather than by the strength of its arm. When we stand near enough to see that its eyes are glazed and sightless, its arm fallen powerless, and the breath of his clean gone out of it, shall we not judge that it were better to get it buried up out of the way, and not to carry it about, propped up by hands that are needed elsewhere, to mimic any kind of living agency? The character of the true Church, indeed, has not changed; it is still as ever the living, leading agency of human reformation. It has only changed its place and its relations to human organizations; so that while the defunct organization, dreaming as in a death-dream, that it holds the keys of life and death as of old, is with all prayer and pity removing from its men of a larger love than its own, it has not perceived that the true Church, as all great spiritual revolutions take place, has moved out of its long ago.

Let our conservative friends consider whether, when the new kingdom of Christ comes, it will not come by new instrumentalities and modes. The histories of sects, schools and churches, that have been gradually reformed, are few and hard to be found, while the history of sects, schools and churches, that have been destroyed, superseded and overthrown by better ones, is quite voluminous—in fact, about all the sacred history we have. Truth, to keep itself alive in the world, has every now and then, like the serpent, to shed its old skin, which becomes too hard and straight for its comfort and growth. They know but little of history, who think that an institution can be saved. Men may be saved, but an institution is predestined to damnation. There is no expense of repair invested in it; there is no labor or patience to be wasted upon it; and the only wise counsel in this case is, "Come out of her, my people." The gospel of human brotherhood, which is now about to be preached, needs no such paralytic, hide-bound institution to embody or represent it. It cannot accom-

modate itself in the narrowness of such, but asks for something more catholic and genial. It worships another God, in another way, and expects a different kingdom of heaven. It takes no special interest in the millennium, which you, perhaps, my conservative brother, have shaped out and contrived—which consists substantially in sending the gospel according to your sect to the heathen, and converting all the world into as much religion as you have yourself. It shares not your fear and trepidation at the advance of the only millennium that is to come, which you have no more recognized, than the Scribes and Pharisees recognized the Messiah; but because it has come out of the sanctities of your church, and the consecrations of your orders, you have solemnly exorcised it, as something profane and secular, if not infidel and devilish. This new gospel shall gather its own out of the sects and out of the world, and shall be amply justified of its own children. It shall inspire and call forth its own agencies, and causet its divine life in forms more youthful, vigorous and pure, than those decrepit bodies, wasted and polluted by long and shameless intercourse with the lusts and excesses of sin.

Let us glance again, for a moment, at the programme of our conservative and cautious ally, and read it with a few notes and comments. It is a question of less interest than might be thought, whether the churches, the ministry, and the dominant theological influences in this land, shall or shall not come at last to recognize the claims of humanity, and the wants of God's suffering poor. Our conservative ally hopes they will, and would fall into great discouragement, if not complete despair, if he thought otherwise. And so, indeed, they may, but not according to the programme, which runs substantially thus:—When circumstances favor, when the wind of public sentiment blows fair from the world, when they shall have been duly cooled and reverently flattered on the subject, when the safety of their several sects, and the dignities, salaries and reputations they have invested in them, shall not be put in jeopardy thereby, these theological powers and influences will consent to lend the cause of justice and liberty their patronage. In due time, the ministry shall give the word of approbation, with whitest hands they shall give in adhesion, and at the head of their respective denominations, among whom their voices shall be as oracular as now, they shall pass over into the camp of the reformers, trailing their sacred garments under the sweat and blood of the grim pioneers have well laid the dust for them. Stop! Stop! enthusiastic friend. One is unwilling to dash visions, so hopeful as these appear to you to be. You will, however, pardon our not resistant prejudices, if we beg your allies not to come into the temple of Reform in any such band, armed and disciplined way, like military companies into a Fourth of July oration, offering an sight with glitter of the weapons of sectarian warfare, stunning our ears with the din of sectarian controversies. It is doubtful if they can get in any such order or discipline as this, if there will not be somebody at the door to prevent it. Cannot the members of the sectarian divisions be persuaded, for their own peace, and that of those within, that it is better to give up all this array, and leave it outside? To cease to imagine that, in entering the fellowship of this cause, they are bringing any great amount of glory and honor into it? Let them rather consent to come in, in a quiet, individual and ingenuous manner. Ignominious it must be, or little good will come of it. If there is left no world's ignominy attached to such a position, when they shall have become ready to assume it, then it will be ignominious enough to have embraced a once persecuted faith so late as to have escaped its first salutary baptism of rotten eggs. Our somewhat distinguished Brownson editorially announces, that he has not entered the Roman Catholic Church for the sake of its preferences, "but to save his own soul." His seems an uncommonly hard one to save, and every benevolent person hopes he has at last got matters in a right train to save it. Our ministers and churches must become reformatory and anti-slavery; not to patronize this enterprise, to bring glory and honor to it, or to take them from it, but "to save their own souls."

Yours,

H. C. WRIGHT.

April 11.

I send you a few extracts of a letter from our afflicted and bereaved friend, ELIZABETH PEASE. You can use them as you please.

DARLINGTON, 3d Mo. 26th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I had intended to take an early opportunity of sending thee a few particulars of the illness, and especially of the latest moments of my beloved father. While he was living, every moment was so precious in his chamber, that I never liked to leave it, unless necessarily compelled. Now, he no longer needs our attention, neither can he any longer interest and console us by words which fell from his lips. As we profit by the many which fell from them as he was calmly contemplating the approach of his last summons.

It was exactly one month and two days from the time that my anxiety was first awakened, to the close. During that time, he was confined to the bed, most of the time. The disease lay chiefly at the heart, a severe cold being the exciting cause of the last attack. The cause of the oppressed in India lay very near his heart to the last. Within a week of his death, he dictated a beautiful letter to a gentleman with whom he had labored for years in the cause—leaving the cause of the afflicted people of India in his hands. An answer came just in time for my dear father to hear it; and he expressed great consolation in the assurance that he meant to continue to carry forward the measures for the good of India.

My dear father said much to me about taking care of the poor, saying—"Thou knowest it was thy dear mother's dying advice to thee, and it is mine too. Be sure to attend to their wants, and be kind to them." He also said much to my dear brother and me respecting taking care of the oppressed, and telling us to mind and stand by the cause of them who had none to help them; looking to our Heavenly Father, and seeking to do his will, regardless of the persecution or reproach which it might bring upon us from our fellow-men.

Twice he told me to give his love to Garrison, and I will try to write and give it soon. I cannot by the next packet. If thou art writing, please mention my heavy affliction, and that it is this which prevents me from acknowledging thy kind presents.

Thy affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH PEASE.

SELKIRK, April 15, 1846.

I have now been on the borders six weeks; have delivered thirty lectures on Non-Resistance and Anti-Slavery; sold over 400 *Kiss for a Blow*, 1000 *Dissolution pamphlets*; 400 of other pamphlets, and left a storm behind me in every town. To-day I go to Edinburgh—on Saturday, 12th, to Glasgow; on the 21st, to meet George Thompson, on the platform of City Hall in that city on the Free Church question and on Peace, the 23d; then some meetings in Edinburgh—Dunfermline and Baffin to be with us. They are doing a glorious work in the West of Scotland. Baffin pitches into the ministers—no mercy—and the churches fly open to the cry of the oppressed. But I am pretty well done up.

Just returned from a stroll several miles up the Ettrick and the Yarrow—over the battle-field of Philiphaugh. This is a glorious region for old border songs and ballads. But, forward—*Go, good night against wrong—love against hate—forgiveness against revenge, the world over.*

H. C. WRIGHT.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

The Cunard Mail Steamer *Cambria*, Captain Jenkins, left Liverpool on the 19th ult., with 100 passengers. Landed 30 at Halifax, and took on others. On Saturday night, just before midnight, the weather being extremely foggy, she struck upon the beach of Truro, five miles south of the Highland lights, Cape Cod. The steamers R. B. Forbes and May Flower were immediately despatched to her assistance, and she was fortunately got off without damage, and came up to the city on Tuesday morning.

The news brought by her is comparatively unimportant, except that another unsuccessful attempt has been made to shoot Louis Philippe, on his return from Fontainebleau. The assassin was arrested. His name is Leonetti, an old guardian of the forest of Fontainebleau. The cotton market had improved. The feeling in favor of peace was general. Great disturbances had taken place in Ireland, in consequence of the famine. Narvaez had fled from Spain.

We have received by the *Cambria*, the following letters from our indefatigable friend and most attentive correspondent, Henry C. Wright. For the letter of our London correspondent, we cannot find room this week. The conflict with the pseudo Free Church appears to be carried on with unabated vigor.

MELROSE, April 10, 1846.—Midnight.

I am just in from wandering among the ruins of Melrose Abbey. I have oft wandered there the past ten days, by sun-light and moon-light. I have slept the past week within a few yards of the dark, ivy-covered ruins—have looked from my window upon them by day and night. They are connected with the history of border war, story and song, for 600 years. As I wandered there, I seemed to see you there, and to converse with you. Oft have I heard you speak of these ruins as you saw them in your hurried, running visit. I have oft been over the grounds and house of *Abbotsford*, where Walter Scott lived and died. His study and all about this spot are familiar to me. But such a castle! Scott's ambition was low and contemptible—to be known by his ingenuity and oddity in bringing stones, brick and mortar together, not for use, but solely for show, and to hand down his name to posterity as the founder of a family and a castle, seemed to be his chief desire; but if posterity judge of him by his castle, it will pronounce him a fool or a madman. A miserable family had he. His wife died a drunkard—his favorite servant died a drunkard—and Hoosie, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other sots like him, held many a drunken debauch in Scott's dining-room—and Scott himself was a woful picture in his death scene, of perverseness, discontent and ill-nature. I visited Dryburgh Abbey—the gloomy old ruins—and there stood by the graves of Scott and his wife, and heard the record of their last days from one who knew them in life and death; and never did I feel so deeply the insignificance of such a reputation as Scott has left behind. I have been up and down Tweeddale, Teviotdale, Jeddale, and Liddesdale, until I have become familiar with the scenes and with the people who inhabit them. I have lectured in nearly all the principal towns, and without exception left the people in a healthful commotion. I wish to stamp on the world, CHANGE—REVOLUTION; but priests and politicians seek, on the contrary, to perpetuate SAMENESS. It has been now nearly two months since I came down here to agitate the border towns with Anti-Slavery. Over 400 "Kiss for a Blow," and about 1000 pamphlets on the "Dissolution of the American Union," have been distributed in this region. A strong and irresistible feeling is rising against the existing service, all over this kingdom. I have just received a letter from a large town in England, stating that 7000 tracts of "To be a Soldier, What is it?" have been struck off for distribution. I have circulated 12,000 of said tract in Scotland—having it stereotyped. The work goes on, and will go on, till the empire of blood shall cease.

Yours,

H. C. WRIGHT.

April 11.

I send you a few extracts of a letter from our afflicted and bereaved friend, ELIZABETH PEASE. You can use them as you please.

DARLINGTON, 3d Mo. 26th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I had intended to take an early opportunity of sending thee a few particulars of the illness, and especially of the latest moments of my beloved father. While he was living, every moment was so precious in his chamber, that I never liked to leave it, unless necessarily compelled. Now, he no longer needs our attention, neither can he any longer interest and console us by words which fell from his lips. As we profit by the many which fell from them as he was calmly contemplating the approach of his last summons.

It was exactly one month and two days from the time that my anxiety was first awakened, to the close. During that time, he was confined to the bed, most of the time. The disease lay chiefly at the heart, a severe cold being the exciting cause of the last attack. The cause of the oppressed in India lay very near his heart to the last. Within a week of his death, he dictated a beautiful letter to a gentleman with whom he had labored for years in the cause—leaving the cause of the afflicted people of India in his hands. An answer came just in time for my dear father to hear it; and he expressed great consolation in the assurance that he meant to continue to carry forward the measures for the good of India.

My dear father said much to me about taking care of the poor, saying—"Thou knowest it was thy dear mother's dying advice to thee, and it is mine too. Be sure to attend to their wants, and be kind to them." He also said much to my dear brother and me respecting taking care of the oppressed, and telling us to mind and stand by the cause of them who had none to help them; looking to our Heavenly Father, and seeking to do his will, regardless of the persecution or reproach which it might bring upon us from our fellow-men.

Twice he told me to give his love to Garrison, and I will try to write and give it soon. I cannot by the next packet. If thou art writing, please mention my heavy affliction, and that it is this which prevents me from acknowledging thy kind presents.

Thy affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH PEASE.

SELKIRK, April 15, 1846.

I have now been on the borders six weeks; have delivered thirty lectures on Non-Resistance and Anti-Slavery; sold over 400 *Kiss for a Blow*, 1000 *Dissolution pamphlets*; 400 of other pamphlets, and left a storm behind me in every town. To-day I go to Edinburgh—on Saturday, 12th, to Glasgow; on the 21st, to meet George Thompson, on the platform of City Hall in that city on the Free Church question and on Peace, the 23d; then some meetings in Edinburgh—Dunfermline and Baffin to be with us. They are doing a glorious work in the West of Scotland. Baffin pitches into the ministers—no mercy—and the churches fly open to the cry of the oppressed. But I am pretty well done up.

Just returned from a stroll several miles up the Ettrick and the Yarrow—over the battle-field of Philiphaugh. This is a glorious region for old border songs and ballads. But, forward—*Go, good night against wrong—love against hate—forgiveness against revenge, the world over.*

H. C. WRIGHT.

A BLESSING. In our Third Number on "The Constitution—Political Action," the fourth paragraph, commencing, "In proof of the soundness of these views, &c. was accidentally misplaced, and should have come in immediately after the paragraph ending, 'if need be, by the national arm.'

FOURTH OF JULY.

MASS. A. S. SOCIETY—RURAL FAIR—UNION CELEBRATION.

The Fourth of July is a memorable day. It was a day of solemn and impressive announcement of universal truths, whose sublime simplicity commended them to the consciences of all;—while at the same time, the already deep rooted habits of oppression and licentiousness which slavery had planted in the land, prevented those truths from being honestly and heartily adopted in the lives of any. If we compare what was done with what was left undone—the lofty and seemingly magnanimous profession of the great doctrine of human equality, with the one-sided and selfish application of it in practice,—the eloquent and defiant adherence to truth and right, with the base and paltry spirit of compromise by which truth and right were sacrificed,—we shall feel assured that no day in this nation's history can be so fruitful of instruction, or so deserving of perpetual remembrance, as the day on which it first drew the breath of its political existence.

Impressed with this view, abolitionists from the beginning, while heartily disgusted with the usual modes of observing the day, have yet felt that to them it was an occasion of peculiar interest, and one susceptible of a most appropriate commemoration; and they have often turned aside from the vain-glorious and boastful clamor of its celebration, to make such use of it as their hearts could approve.

In the name of the great body of the anti-slavery people of this Commonwealth, the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts A. S. Society announce their design thus to improve the approaching Fourth of July. The place selected for the celebration is Harrison Grove, at Dedham, a locality commended to them by many considerations;—its retirement from the city, and at the same time its nearness to it,—the natural beauty of the spot, harmonizing with all elevated and cheerful thoughts and aspirations; these circumstances would of themselves strongly recommend it as an appropriate scene for an anti-slavery festival. But when it is added that this same grove is the place selected by the Managers of the Mass. A. S. Fair, in which to open their collection of beautiful works of art, with the additional attractions of music and song, and also of refreshments of every variety,—and that the two operations may be most happily and harmoniously blended into one, each heightening the effect and increasing the satisfactions of the other, the Executive Committee feel assured that they propose a mode of spending the day that must commend itself to all anti-slavery hearts; and that they will find by the crowds which shall come to join in this celebration, a showing forth as it will be of the united beauty of nature and art and high moral principle,—that they have not miscalculated the interest of the occasion, nor the spirit and zeal of the friends of the slave.

It will be a season of exalted moral and social enjoyment, and yet to hearts beating strong for reform, enjoyment is never the great end in view, but comes unsought for, and never failing to such hearts. Instrumentalities for reform are unceasingly to be provided for,—and in proportion as we make sacrifices to provide for them, the higher and purer will be our enjoyment. The Managers of the A. S. Fair understand well this principle of benevolent action. They have resolved to appropriate from this Rural Festival Five Hundred dollars in aid of the Agency Fund of the Mass. A. S. Society,—and they believe that with proper exertions, much more than this will be put in their hands for that object. On their part, those exertions will be made; let there be a suitable response made to them in the contributions, which each according to his ability shall make.

All and several, therefore, the members of the anti-slavery host, are invited to meet together at the Rural Festival at Dedham, on the coming Fourth of July.

In future numbers of the Liberator, the particulars of the arrangements for the occasion will be announced.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Mass. A. S. Society,

ROBERT F. WALLCUT,

Recording Secretary.

Boston, May 6, 1846.

THE RURAL FAIR—FOURTH OF JULY AT DEDHAM.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in Massachusetts, will be made at the TEMPERANCE GROVE, DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the present service of righteous principle, by making it a holiday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,

For the Managers.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Broadway Tabernacle, in the city of New-York, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of May next. Auxiliary Societies are urgently requested to choose their delegates early, and individuals throughout the country to make seasonable preparation to be in attendance. The plan of operations for the ensuing year, which may be marked out by the Society, will need the wisdom of a multitude of counsellors for its development.—The times demand all our energies.

The Business Meetings of the Society will be held on the afternoon of Tuesday, and through the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, in the Lecture Room of the Society Library, Broadway.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, Secretary.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, Recording Secretary.

This is the last number we shall issue prior to the time for holding this important anniversary.—What member or friend of the Society needs to be urged to give it his attendance, unless insurmountable obstacles shall prevent? The cause and the crisis plead like angel trumpet-tongued for a strong numerical as well as moral demonstration. Let not our worst foe be apathy. We should have a mighty and an enthusiastic gathering. Those who are expected to address the meeting at the Tabernacle are Wendell Phillips, Charles Lenox Remond, Parker Pillsbury, Abby Kelley Foster, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

It will be seen, by a reference to our first page that the Dedham papers speak in indignant terms against the shameful disturbance of the meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, recently held in that place.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR APRIL.

Received from Loring Moody, Agent, for collections made and advertised by him, \$109 19
From Wm. Shaw, Boston, " 5 00
J. Drake, Leominster, for agency fund, 19 00
From friends in Waltham as follows:
" L. Richards & J. Newell Sher-
man 50c, 1 50
" E. Allen J. Stiles 50c, 1 50
" Friend J. J. Lewis 50c, 1 50
" Mary Allen J. J. Smith 1, 2 00
" Kate Smith 1, Lucy Stiles 50c, 1 50
" Lucy K. Stiles 50c, Nancy Sher-
man 50c, 2 00
" Ellen Stone 50c, H. F. Locke 50c, 1 00
" Francis K. Potter, " 1 00—11 00
From friends in Foxboro, by H. Hodges, for agency fund, 8 75
" Austin Flint, Leicester, " 5 00
" Samuel May, " 90 00
" Sarah R. May, " 2 00
" West Brookfield A. S. Society, by J. M. Fisk, 50 00
From Collections made by Parker Pillsbury, as follows:
" Wm. Ashby, Newburyport, 1 00
" S. Barker, Waltham, 1 00
" Paul Gage, Haverhill, 1 00
" D. P. Horsman, " 1 50
Bal. of collections at Andover, after paying expenses, 0 70
Do. do. Holden, do. do. 0 50
Do. do. Princeton, do. do. 0 75
Do. do. Hubbardston, do. do. 1 54
S. G. Blake, do., 1 00
Collections in Manchester, 5 00
From J. R. Thurston, Rockport, 0 50
" George Kneeland, do., 0 50
" Benj. Smith, do., 1 00
Bal. of collections, do., 0 45
Collection at Andover, 1 50—10 04
From John B. Estlin, Esq., Bristol, Eng., by hand of Saml J. May, Esq., Leicester, being proceeds of stock bill, 34 44
Collections by Loring Moody as follows:
In Duxbury, 4 60
From Plymouth Ladies, in redeem-
ing, 20 00
" Charles F. Hovey, do., 50 00
" H. W. Blanchard, do., 1 00—75 60

SAMUEL PHILBRICK,
Treas. Mass. A. S. Soc.

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

HOLD NOT THY BROTHER IN BONDAGE.

BY DAVID DAVIS.

O take not the image of God,
To bind in Slavery's chain,
Nor wield thou the merciless rod
Over the friendless again!

For why should thy brother be bound,
While thou art still happy and free?
Where hast thou authority found,
His master and keeper to be?

Does nature declare him a slave,
And justice confirm the decree?
Is it godlike, or valiant and brave,
That thus he in bondage should be?

Shines not the all-glorious sun,
Alike both to thee and to him?
Are its rays ever bright to the one,
While they to the other are dim?

Hast thou learn'd of the moon and the stars,
That he was not made to be free,
That there were impassable bars
Between thy brother and thee?

Hath not thy Creator, and thine,
Taught kindness in all he hath done,
And made his bright glories to shine
Alike unto every one?

O take not the image of God,
To bind in Slavery's chain,
Nor wield thou the merciless rod
Over thy brother again!

For when the last trumpet shall sound,
To summon you both from the dust,
There will be a difference found
Between the unholty and just.

From the English Baptist Herald.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. WM. KNIBB.

Fell'm—fell'm on the field of his toil,
With the laurels of victory crown'd;
His ashes repose 'neath the palm-shaded soil,
Where the tropic-bird mellow its music awhile
In the freedom that breathes all around.

We saw him go forth in his might,
Like an orb or the path of the sky;
And Oppression, begirt with the cloud of the night,
Grew pallid, and fled from the truth-telling light
That pour'd in its brilliancy by.

Then away o'er the mountain and dell—
O'er the coral'd and sun-burnish'd sea—
Rose the loud shout of triumph—for broke was the spell,
And the dark frowning holds of captivity fell,
And Africa's children were free!

We heard when his eloquent tongue
In its heart-stirring melody woke,
On which all enraptur'd the multitude hung,
And the Temples of Audience in sympathy rung,
As the Christian Demagogue spoke.

At the footstool of Grace—where he knelt—
We have bow'd with him tearfully there;
And great as the orator stood, when he dwelt
On the wrongs of the bondman—his greatness was felt.

In the power and pathos of prayer,
Intrepid—he quail'd not at foes,
But the frown and the falsehood defied;
In the courage that Truth on her children bestows,
Like a bark on the billows, the higher he rose,
As they roll'd in the wrath of their pride.

Shall we rear him a monument?—say:
A statue—a pillar of fame?
But the marble deep-sculptured may quickly decay,
And the tooth of old Time will be wasting away
The tablet enshrining his name.

See! Liberty's self on her breast
That much-honored name hath enroll'd!
With a Clarkson, a Sharpe, and a Wilberforce blest,
It shall live when its latest detractors are press'd
To the bosom of infamy cold.

Go—friend of the African—go!
To the palm, and the crown, and the lyre!
We weep; but we would not detain thee below:
Thy mantle let fall, and our bosoms will glow
With the spirit thy actions inspire.

TO THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Ye are come before us,
In your glorious youth;
Like a choir of angels,
Mingled from above,
To make our souls acknowledge
How beautiful is love!

Taint of earth I see not
In your clear eyes shine,
You to me resemble
Natures all divine;
Pure, seraphic creatures,
From some higher sphere,
Who, but for love and pity,
Never had been here.

Who, but for human fellowship, had never shed a tear!

Band of young apostles,
Such to me ye seem,
As I list your singings,
In a rapturous dream;
Now, with choral voices,
Like to birds in May,
Warbling in tumultuous joy
That winter is away!

Now, like angels weeping
O'er a sinner's woe,
With their white wings folded,
And low voices clear,
Mourning for the sorrow,
Which sin has brought on earth;
Mourning that of pity,
Man has made such death;

Teaching to a callous world what a soul is worth!

Band of young apostles,
Teaching love and truth,
Onward go, high-missioned,
In your glorious youth!
Onward go, God's blessing
On your path alight,
Still lift your kindred voices,
As prophets of the right!

Onward go, undaunted,
Herbids of that day,
When all mankind are brothers,
And war has ceased to play!

—We have seen and loved you!
We have pressed your hand;
We have blessed you, and we bless
In you, your native land!

Forewell! God's angel guide you, ye young and noble
band!

THE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

It is indeed a loathsome trade,
A sort of trade to abhor;
Of which one feels ashamed—afraid,
With which our nature is at war;
For which no prayer can soar above,
Unto that God whose name is Love.

REFORMATORY.

THEODORE PARKER—THE CHRISTIAN NAME.

FRIEND GARRISON:

The following article was written for the Boston Christian Freeman. It has been refused an admittance to that paper. Whether there are good and sufficient reasons, must be judged of by the reader. If it is in any way calculated to destroy bigotry, and a blind attachment to names, it may subvert the interests of charity and truth. Will it be deemed an incumbrance to your paper?

Very respectfully, yours,

W. M. FERNALD.

THE QUESTION.—What is sufficient to entitle one to the Christian name?

BR. COBB:

Although I have left the ministry, I have not yet deserted the cause of truth. I shall keep my eye on the movements of the religious world, and occasionally invite the public attention to the right or to the wrong of certain matters pertaining to Christianity and the rights of man. I would address you now, very respectfully, regarding certain remarks recently in your editorial, pertaining to what you denominated "Parkerism." I do not profess to adopt all of this gentleman's sentiments, though recent reflections on his principles, and some considerable knowledge of his person, have inspired me with the most profound admiration of his character. But it is not him, nor his principles, that I now propose to call in question, but a far more distinct and very important matter. Shall he, and such as he, be denominated as Infidels? A very grave question, truly, considering the importance attached to names. Not that I think Christ cares, or would care, were he now on earth, what a man's name was, so be it that his character was acceptable; but, in this age of death, a name has got to be a real thing, almost. But let's stop.

Theodore Parker an Infidel! Well, then, what makes one entitled to the name of Christian? Br. Cobb, if I see right, and if I don't, it is not that I have so much sectarian mist about me, the world has got to march up to this question, and alter its tone of remark. Come now, let's be modest. In the first place, have we any prescribed matter in the New Testament, by which a man may take, or not, that name? No. It is, then, a matter of custom among men, is it? Yes. The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch. Suppose it was because they believed that Christ had supernatural inspiration, taught by such authority, wrought miracles, rose from the dead, &c. Is that any reason that a man must believe these things now, in order to entitle him to that name? No. Then what would—what ought to give one that name? Suppose a man believes that Christ actually lived, was known by that name, was a natural man, but the wisest and best man that ever did live, taught truth that has not been comprehended or lived up to, to this day, and is not like to be for ages to come—suppose such a man admires Christ's character, and tries to follow it, acknowledging him Master, and conforming his whole life to his rules and example—then what? Is it a mortal absurdity to call him a Christian? Is it the pith of propriety and grace to call him an Infidel? I must here borrow relief from the unwieldy Chalmers. There are questions, says he, put forth learnedly and gravely which a man can sometimes hardly consider, without first submitting himself to a slackening of all his mental energies. Those who please to go on with this one may now slack up.

The fact is, Br. Cobb, the world is terribly bamboozled by names. Oh, for an eye to look more at the core and reality of matters! I sometimes almost think that I ought to preach again, and do my poor part to unridle the folly of men. But how many are the so-called "Christian" congregations that will bear the whole truth? Purge them, oh God, purge them!

But let's go on. Here, then, is a man, who believes that Christ lived and taught—had supernatural inspiration, wrought miracles, rose from the dead, did all the other good things ascribed to him, but is woefully lacking in the conformity of his character to Christ's. He shall be called a Christian. Now, Br. Cobb, don't call me unfair. I say—Christian, or Infidel? that's the question. Let us not bring in any thing here to hide the light from this one point. You may say—these are not Christians who act like Satan. True, not practically. But who is to decide what measure of sin a man may be guilty of, and still take the name of Christian? Now, as this subject is evidently in the dark—as neither mathematics nor moral philosophy can settle it, suppose we look at the world as it is, and see who are called the Christians. Oh! take away, I beseech you, the glass. The fact is mortifying. The whole text of nominal Christianity has been "a belief in the supernatural." Those who have believed that Christ taught by supernatural inspiration, wrought miracles, and rose from the dead, have been denominated Christians. They may have acted like the devil—they have been, nominally, "the Christian world." You may say—seriously named, but I say, Christian or Infidel? Christian or Infidel? Keep it before the eye. This is a question of mere name. You may say—a name implies a thing, some reality; true, and what is that reality, most appropriately, when we consider what Christ came to do? Is it character or opinion? Alas! for the necessity of such questioning. Now, as there is no "divine right" for names, as this is a thing of custom altogether, suppose we avoid the jury of a Christian world, and submit the whole matter to common sense. A man who believes that Christ came clothed in the supernatural—tore asunder the laws of nature, made wine out of water, raised dead men by miracle, taught by authority demonstrated by such power, and finally rose himself and ascended bodily to heaven—such a man, (the measure of his sin cannot be known,) such a man may be called a Christian. But a man who believes that Christ truly lived, was known by that name, was the best and wisest man that ever did live, who acknowledges him Master, and meekly conforms his whole life to his rule and example, such a man is an Infidel. Yes! Such a man shall not humbly appropriate to himself the simple name of his Master, shall have it wrenched from him by the Christians!—Shame, shame, where is thy blush?

Br. Cobb, I have done. It seems to me that such a man may as appropriately take to himself the name of Christian as any thing else. I wonder at the folly of Christians in withholding it. Disputing about names, when character is the great all in all. Using terms of bitterness and opprobrium, when the spirit is the same. What think Christ cares, whether a man believes in the supernatural or not, so be it that he believes in immortality, has all the influence of that noble sentiment, believes in God, believes also in Christ, acknowledges him Master, is governed by him,—oh, 'tis too small. For heaven's sake, let's have—if not common sense, charity and a little consistency, and if there are any whom we have hitherto stigmatized as Infidels, or Deists, who have all the time owned Christ thus, and been guided by him, let us drop that title instantly. Let us call them Christians; or if we cannot, let us not call ourselves Christians; but adopt some new name that may distinguish us all in common. But why write so? Because of the simplicity of the world. Fools, fools, and slow of heart to perceive. Was it a thing, or a name, that Christ came to establish? But if the world will persist in such absurdities, woe to that part of Christendom that clings to the name, and overlooks the substance. But I write about names. We must have them; and, Honor to whom honor is due.

W. M. F.

Mr. Fernald, we readily comply with the request of Mr. Fernald, (as we did in the case of Mr. Prince), we think the course pursued by the editor of the Freeman is equally unmanly and unjust.—Ed. Lib.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

FRIEND GARRISON:

My attention was directed to the policy and measures of the American Peace Society, a few months since, by a lecture which I heard from the Rev. Mr. Foster in the town of B—, who was at the time, and I believe is still, the accredited agent of the Society. If I understand the principles adopted by the Society, and their professions to the world, they are total abstinence from all war, whether offensive or defensive. That Christianity, the wisest national policy, and the principles of our common humanity, alike condemn all national war or appeal to arms. I signed the Constitution, and became a member of the Society a number of years since, and soon after the high and holy ground was assumed upon which the Society professedly stands up to this time.

What was my surprise, soon after the introduction of the lecture alluded to, to hear the gentleman remark, that he was not about to take the ground that all war was unjust or wrong—that there were no possible circumstances in the position of a nation that would justify an appeal to arms. And in this connection he said that there ever was a justifiable war, it was that of the American revolution—leaving the impression with the audience, that the fathers of our country waged a just and Christian war with the British crown and authority, but that nine tenths, yes, ninety-nine hundredths of all the wars in Christendom might have been settled without an appeal to arms,—thus saving the best blood of the nation, preventing a vast expenditure of treasure, and the increase of national vice, &c.

Now I maintain against the propagation of such sentiments by any agent of the Society, as a perversion of its principles, and as suicidal to its vitality, and taking from it what little influence it may exert to prevent this nation, or any other, from plunging into the most sanguinary and bloody war that ever cursed the world. Nine-tenths of all wars may be prevented—in nine cases out of ten, national difficulties can be settled without an appeal to arms! What nation ever declared an unjust war,—taking its own principles and judgment as the standard? Most wars that have ever been fought by any country, claim to be just and right; and the national plea is that its existence is the tenth case, and the war is therefore right. The revolutionary war was said to be waged to maintain the rights of the colonies. An unjust war was lived—there was no representation in the government of the country—alleged criminals were carried beyond the seas for trial, &c. These and other acts of oppression on the part of the mother country justified a seven years' war, in the opinion of the people, and Mr. Foster, an agent of the A. P. S. responds, amen!

At a later period, a few American sailors are impressed into the British naval service, and the country says a three years' war is just, in which thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed, and one hundred millions of money lost. So of all wars. Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the greatest scourges of mankind, and who sacrificed many hundred thousand lives on the battle-field, claimed that all the wars fought for France were justifiable—were right; that France was absolutely compelled to engage in them, for the maintenance of her rights; that her very existence, as an empire, demanded it; and that she must die by inches, if she did not maintain her rights!

Is the American Society to tacitly acknowledge that war is right in certain circumstances, and thus either prove itself hypocritical in its professions, or wanting in courage to carry out its principles?

Mr. Foster, in the lecture to which I allude, deprecated, with awful horror, the idea that the Congress of this country should appropriate so many millions of money, (namely, the amount of the appropriations for a number of years,) for the forts, and arsenals, and the army of the country. And here he declaimed eloquently on the vast benefit that might accrue to education and Christianity by such an appropriation; but, apparently to appease the war men that might be present at his lecture, he said, "I would not have the country give up all the means of defence." Mark that! Friends and members of the American Peace Society, our agent would have the country more sparing in the preparations for war and human butchery. Yes, where the country now spends forty millions, Mr. Foster would economize, and spend perhaps not more than six or eight millions; and instead of all the swords and spears in the country, he would have a part of the swords bent into plough-shares, and a part of the spears conveyed into pruning-hooks. But he does not wish to have the country act rashly and imprudently in the premises.

Like the Baptist minister in Watertown, who prayed most fervently that God would gradually do away slavery; or perhaps Mr. Foster would adopt the course in relation to preparation for war, that the American Board has taken in relation to the Christian duties to be enjoined on the heathen converts by its missionaries, "as fast as the consciences of the people will bear it."

There was one more in chapter Mr. Foster's lecture, to which I wish to call special attention. He stated that he was preparing to publish a book, entitled "The Peace Manual." The work is to contain the sentiments of the principal statesmen and great men of this country on the Peace question; and here he read the sentiments from such men as Clay, Calhoun, Cass from Michigan, and many more, North and South, who can write about the horrors of war, but who have no more sympathy for peace principles or practice than Queen Victoria or the House of Lords have for a real republican form of government. Think of Henry Clay, George McDuffie, and the kind-hearted, peaceable member of the U. S. Senator from Michigan, contributing to a Peace Manual! A precious keepsake! A splendid Peace Manual! to use the language of the Rev. Mr. Foster.

I hope you will inform the readers of the Liberator when this precious volume makes its appearance in this fallen world. Yes, Calhoun, Clay, Fremont, and other great slaveholders, are contributors to the work—men whose whole lives are a continual war upon the rights of man, who nightly sleep with the weapons of death under their pillows, for the defense of the "Patriotic institution!"—men who would not hesitate to array the whole country and a thousand more like it, in the bloody battle-field, and walk over the bodies of millions of the dead and dying, to maintain their darling institution. They writing Peace Manuals! Well may the Peace cause adopt the old adage—Deliver me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies!

What is the Society doing to prevent a war on the Oregon question, or any other question? I hope the Society will take strong ground at their coming Anniversary, and that its agents, who have misrepresented its principles, may be rebuked for betraying the trust reposed in them. Is it the Society ready to carry out its principles? Is it ready to renounce any Congressional making any appropriations for the defense of the country for the coming year? I fear it is not. We need a combination in this country against war, like the League in England against the Corn Law.

I would suggest the formation of a Society, to be called "THE AMERICAN PEACE LEAGUE," to try to carry out, in this country, the glorious doctrines of the New Testament, on this question—Peace on earth, good will to men.

J. T. E.

Naval Preparations.—The Secretary of the Navy has recommended the increase of the Navy as follows:

In Men,	36,000
In Steamships,	40
In Frigates,	40
In Sloops of War,	40
Making an increase of fifty-eight vessels of war, and requiring an expenditure of twenty millions of dollars.	

THE LIBERATOR.

THE REVIVAL IN ABINGTON.

SOUTH ABINGTON, April 24th, 1846.

FRIEND GARRISON:

In a recent letter to you, I stated that the Baptist church in this place was enjoying a "revival" of religion. This awakening, I see, has been published in the Christian Reflector. And now, permit me to report some of the results of this excitement; though it is painful to me to do so. I do it solely from a sense of duty, and in order that the religious community may, in future, guard against religious excitement, and more fully understand their nature, and thus avoid those painful scenes, which are the legitimate results of these "four days' meetings."

The meetings here, however, were continued not only "four days," but eighteen or twenty—day and evening!—the church, at last, becoming truly awake; and, finally, one of their number, a very honorable and most worthy man, became actually deranged—so much so, that his physician and friends thought it advisable for him to be taken to the insane institution at Worcester. Consequently, he was taken there, and after being at Worcester a few days, he expired! On Fast day, his funeral was attended here by a large concourse of his friends and fellow-citizens. The circumstances connected with his sickness and death, all served to make the occasion one of deep thought and humiliation to the reflecting observer. But, O! how few were those at this meeting, who had right views and reflections, in relation to the death of him, to whom they had been called on this most trying occasion to pay their last tribute and respect! Yet most of them cannot and do not deny, that the meetings of the church, to which the deceased belonged, were one of the causes of the death of this most worthy man. The deceased was never known to be deranged before, and always has been a hard-working, vigorous man. His own wife and brother, both of them members of the Baptist church here, do not deny that the meetings had an influence on the mind of their beloved friend, to cause his derangement, nor do the church. They say, indeed, that he was not so well as usual, previous to their commencement. They thus attempt to escape from the rebukes and admonitions, made by the candid and reflecting, in relation to their misguided zeal and fanaticism. Now, I do not say that the deceased was somewhat unwell, as alleged; but this I do say, from personal knowledge, that, at that very time, he was able to work early and late, attend the meetings of the churches, and even work between the meetings!

Another young gentleman by the name of Bourne has been wrought up at these meetings, that on an evening in meeting, he sprang from his seat, rushed towards the door, and with such violence as to burst it asunder. He was finally secured, after making his way into the streets. He was taken into an adjoining house, in a state of actual derangement. His excitement was so high, and of such a nature, that it required the assistance of several persons to remain with him some part of the night. He continued in this state for several days. He is now convalescent. Others have been more or less wrought upon by these meetings; but, thank Heaven, they are now disengaged, and a better feeling is taking possession of their souls. I think they have learnt a lesson that will in future do them good. Our humble prayer is, that they may see the error of their ways in regard to these excitements, and learn what it is that constitutes true religion. May God open their eyes to the fact, that true religion comes in the whirlwind or the storm, but in the still small voice of the Eternal Spirit.

Yours for the Truth,

H. H. BRIGHAM.

A CLERICAL CHAMPION OF THE GALLOWES.

WEST BROOKFIELD, Vt., April 12, 1846.

FRIEND GARRISON:

I send, by the bearer of this, a Lecture on Bible Politics, by Rev. Norris Day, hoping you will take such notice of it as you think it deserves. Mr. Day is considered one of the smartest advocates of the Liberty party (so called) in this State. He is also one of the strongest advocates of the Gallowes there in this State. He gave a lecture in this place last June, on anti-slavery, and after he had closed his lecture, a number of questions were asked in regard to voting, taking oaths, swearing to support the Constitution, human government, &c., by his Liberty party brethren, evidently to my mind to bring his assertions as proofs against the arguments of the non-voting abolitionists, in withdrawing from the "covenant with death and agreement with hell"—as he had previously said he would trample under foot every thing in opposition to the Divine Government. I asked him if Christ did not forbid the taking of oaths. He answered, no. I asked him if he could swear to support a military government. He said, yes. I asked him if he believed it to be in agreement with Christianity for men to train and learn to kill their brethren. He answered, yes. I asked him if he believed capital punishment to be right. He said he did, and undertook to prove it from the Bible. Here the advocates of violence seemed to be in ecstasies of joy, to hear this professed minister of Christ defending the God-forsaken government, and the right to hang God's likeness when they see fit, from the Bible. The declaration to Noah is his stronghold. He thinks the arguments of Cheever to be the best he has ever seen, and unanswerable. He said he had discussed the subject with H. C. Wright and C. C. Burleigh, in Ferrisburgh, Vt., and if he had a child ten years old that could not use better arguments than Charles C. Burleigh, he would send him to school the first thing he did. He was asked if he could act as hangman. He said he could. He was asked if five men should commit murder, and afterwards should repent, and become good men, if he could go and deliberately break their neck in the spirit of Christ. He said he could, and do it in love—for God can put sinners in to hell in love. I then told him that was Christianity, I must be an infidel. He said he had discovered that I had gone clean over to infidelity, where there was no chance for me to get back. I asked him if the right to kill a man did not necessarily include the right to enslave him. He answered, no. He said the principles of Non-Resistance, as advocated by Wright, Burleigh, and Garrison, were as rotten as the pit. I asked him if he did not think that the efforts that were being made through the country to abolish the gallowes, &c., were evidence of the spread of anti-Christian doctrines. He said he did.

Such is, in substance, a part of the conversation

of Mr. Lawrence on my practical New England

question; but he may write letters to the Richmond

Whig, till doomsday, and to all the other Southern

newspapers in the bargain; and he will never convert

a single slaveholder to his opinions. However

daintily he may handle the subject, with a diplomat's

unconsciousness of the existence of slavery, which

never will convince a single slaveholder, unless his

reasoning shall first have imperceptibly led that

slaveholder to repudiate slavery, at least in his heart,

and to go for New England institutions. For it is

not the rich capitalists of the North who have built

the factories, or who keep them in motion. It is

the factory girls, and the intelligent, thrifty, industrious,

ambitious, native workmen; and what materials

has Virginia, out of which to furnish such girls and such men?—Boston Daily Whig.

The New-York Tribune says:—The Solomon of

the Kentucky Legislature, at the late session, passed

a law making it penal for any free negro or mulatto

to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of ardent

spirits—provided, such negro or mulatto be not

laboring, as a hireling, for any free white person.

This is just as it should be. Men who buy, sell,

and whip women and children, should, by all

means, enjoy a monopoly of the trade, hospitalities,

and laudable business of making drunkards and

felons of persons, who would otherwise be honest

men and good citizens.

We have the highest respect for the judgment

of Mr. Lawrence on any practical New England

question; but he may write letters to the Richmond

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a young Englishman, about 22, who had for some time been laboring under depression of mind. He perpetrated the deed by hanging himself with his towel, made fast to the hook by which his bed was suspended during the day.

The statement of these melancholy occurrences by the chaplain was followed by the very beautiful and appropriate piece,

"A brother is dead."

sung by Mr. Joshua Hutchinson. The most perfect silence pervaded the audience, and, as the tender, low-breathed strains were uttered, every syllable, though whispered in the softest tone, was audible, and glancing eyes and flushed brows may be seen of the house testified that neither crime nor its consequences had yet utterly extinguished sympathy or sensibility.